THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, JUNE 9,

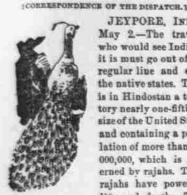
A WEALTHY MONARCH

How the Rajah of Jeypore Lives and Governs His Indian Subjects.

Queer Sights and Characters in the Back Woods of India.

A WONDERFUL ORIENTAL PALACE.

AN EXCURSION ON A BIG ELEPHANT



JEYPORE, INDIA, May 2.—The traveler who would see India as it is must go out of the regular line and enter the native states. There is in Hindostan a territory nearly one-fifth the size of the United States

CASHMERE CLOTH MERCHANT.

substantially the same as they were years

their gross yearly revenues are about \$80,-

These rajahs live as grandly as did the

Kings of Northern India in the past, and the

English merchants of India cater largely to

their wants. Some of the finest jewelry

stores in the world are here in India, and

under every glass counter you see barbaric jewelry set with diamonds worth a fortune,

I saw two rings vesterday, one worth \$2,000

and the other \$4,000. The first was a dia-

mond of about the size of a hickory nut set

around with a cluster of small diamonds as big as peas and the whole affixed to a finger

ring, containing enough gold to make a hunting case for a Waterbury watch. The

other was the same size as to the gold, but the central stone was a ruby fully as big as

a chestnut, and the diamonds about it were

a chestnut, and the diamonds about it were very beautiful. The tops of these rings were as large around as old copper cents and as I looked at them I asked the jeweler who would wear such gorgeons and unwieldy objects. He replied:

"Oh, we sell these to the rajahs. They

want the most extravagant jewelry, and some of them fairly cover themselves with

At another store I was told that a rajah

had just been in and given an order for 200 yards of satin at \$10 a yard. He wanted

this to paper the walls of a room in a new palsee, and thought nothing of pasting this \$2,000 upon the plaster. The Sultan of

\$2,000 upon the plaster. The Sultan of Johore, when I visited him in his palace at

Johore, had ropes of gold about twice the size of a clothesline about his wrists, and

upon his fingers were diamond rings. The fingers of the right hand were covered from

An Arab Soldier.

the knuckles of the first joints with rings

set with diamonds and emeralds so that a diamond alternated with an emerald all

over his hand, and the whole made a blaz-ing fist of white and green. On the left

hand the fingers were covered with rings in

the same manner, save that the costly rubies took the place of the emeralds. At Delhi I was shown a dressing gown set with

precious stones which cost \$3,500, and which had just been made for a rajah.

The City of Jeypore

Jeypore is one of the northwest provinces

of India. It is a day's ride, from Bombay,

not far off from the borders of Afghanistan

and some distance south of Cashmere and

the Himalaya Mountains. It has a popu-

lation about as large as that of Ohio, and

its rajah's income amounts to \$2,000,000 a

year. "The capital is the city of Jeypore, in

which I am writing. It is said to be the

city of Washington. Its main street is two miles long and 120 feet wide and this is inter-

finest native city of India, and it is cer-tainly like no other city I have ever seen. When the standard of the whole skin

tainly like no other city I have ever seen. It is bigger than Omaha, Denver or Kansas of a pig, and as they pass you think of the City, and it is laid out as regularly as the of the scenes of the scriptures.

close to the sidewalks and they have balconies over them with oriole windows jutting out at the second stories above arcades
which run below from house to house; they
are almost altogether two-story buildings,
and the painting of the whole is a delicate
pink. Imagine miles of pink houses with
lattice-work windows through which you
may now and then see the eyes of high caste
Hindoo damsels. Let nut-brown fingers
here and there clasp the lattice-work and
through a larger hole let here and there an
arm peep out. In some of the balconies you arm peep out. In some of the balconies you see turbaned men and boys sitting dressed in the richest of garments and beside them Hindoo maidens, their faces covered with shawls and their eyes peeping out through the gracks.

A Busy Throng.

Below in the decades are shops in which, sitting cross-legged with goods piled around them, are merchants selling the thousand and one things used by the people, and out in the street rushing here and there, moving along leisurely, now chatting, and now and containing a popu- talking business, is the most motley throng lation of more than 56,- of native men and beasts you will find in 000,000, which is governed by rajahs. These —long-legged, gaunt, humped animals ridrajahs have power of den by bare-legged men in turbans who bob life and death. They up and down as the camel rocks its way have revenues of their own, levy taxation as along. Many of the camels are led and the they please and organize their people and drivers ride them with a rope fastened into armies on a different basis from the English their noses. They sit on the hump and pound portion of India. They are subject in a cer- the camel with a whip or a cloth. There tain sense to the English, and most of them is one camel ridden by a woman. have English officers connected with their Her bare legs clad in bracelets are establishments. They are feudatory states to
England, and England does not allow them
out as she directs the driver where to lead
the beast. Here is one carrying stones. to make war upon each other, nor can they have any relations with foreign States. If a rajah misgoverns his people or oppresses them the viceroy of India reproves him and if he does not come to time secures his removal. These States, however, have none of the new customs of English India. Few you look at him you see the tears rolling foreigners visit them and the people are down from his proud, angry eyes. Here is

one with a turbaned soldier on his back, and

Jeypore being a rich city. What gorgeous costumes! These riders wear gold embroid-

ery enough to fit out the diplomsts at one of our President's receptions. There are gold chains on their necks and their arms and fingers are heavy with gold. They have gold-embroidered turbans, costly gold vests

and the bits of their horses are often of silver. They sit very straight as they ride,

and by the stirrup of each runs a groom, now clearing the way for his master and ever present for fear he might want some-thing. Here is a herd of donkeys loaded

down with panniers so that only their legs peep out and the loads seem to be walking

sway bodily. They are no bigger than Newfoundland dogs and their drivers, barg-legged, pound and yell at them in Hindos-tance as they drive tuem along without

Some Mohammedan Women.

horseback and your eyes grow tired in try-ing to eatch and distinguish the strange

characters you meet. Here comes a party

of singing girls dressed ail in red and gold, singing strange songs as they dance through the streets. They are not bad looking, and

their limbs are loaded with anklets and

bracelets. Here come some Mohammedan

maidens. They are fine looking women, but

their dress is hideous. It consists of a shor

waist and a pair of thin, drawer-like panta-

lettes which are very wide at the waist, but which taper down into tights at the calves.

Here low caste women are breaking stones and there you see a dozen of them going along with baskets of broken stone upon their heads. They throw it upon the road and a corps of brown-skinned men, their limbs clothed only in waist-cloths and their skinnes with previous to the control of the

limbs clothed only in waist-cious and their skins shining with perspiration, are crushing it into bits with stampers. As they do so a water carrier, with a skin full of water upon his back, and his hand on the mouth of the bottle throws a clear stream upon it the whole brooms a mortar, which

and the whole becomes a mortar, which, when dried, is as hard as the floor of a cel-

lar. You see these water carriers every-where in India and they water the streets of

the country. They carry the water for natives and peddle it from house to house.

The crowd on foot is as gay as that upon

some rajah of the past laid out the city and made the property holders build after fixed regulations. It is more like a Spanish city than an Iudian town. The houses come close to the sidewalks and they have balconies over them with oxide windows in the sidewalks and they have balconies over them with oxide windows in the sidewalks and they have balconies over them with oxide windows in the sidewalks and they have balconies over them with oxide windows in the sidewalks and they have balconies over them with oxide windows in the sidewalks and the sidewalks and the sidewalks are sidewalks. a recommendation, stating that his wares were good, told me he had been offered 100 rupees for it, and that he would not sell it for 1,000 rupees. James Gordon Bennett states that he "finds a certain man's shawls states that he "finds a certain man's shawls good, and he supposes they are cheap," and the merohant who owns the book tells me that Bennett bought a dozen cashmere shawls, saying he wanted to use them for making undershirts. These were the kind called ring shawls, so fine that you can pull a whole shawl through the wedding ring of a lady. It must be nice to have an undershirt which you can pull through a ring, and in the case of a man who travels with his extra clothing in his hat I can see where the advantage comes in. the advantage comes in,

The Rajah's Palace.

The Rajah's palace is in the center of his capital. It covers a great area and the palace garden with its flowing rivers of water, formed by fountains spurting out of a stone bed, would be large enough for a farm. His Majesty is now in Calcutta, but arrangements had been made for my visit and a note from the English Secretary, Major Hendley, gave me a dark-skinned palace guide and I was shown through court after court of marble and taken through room after room furnished with rich Persian carpets and with satin-covered chairs and divans of European make. In one palace there was an immense billiard room and in this and the room adjoining the skins of tigers and leopards were scattered about by the hundred. They lay in great piles on the floors. They were hung on the walls and some of the divans were upholstered with them. I went through room after room filled with such skins, and I was told that the beasts were all killed by the Rajah, who is very fond of tiger hunting and who is an excellent shot. I was shown the outside of the palace containing the harem and the arrangements for keeping it cool struck me as rather peculiar. Outside of the main hall and running along one length of the palace was a series of great fanning mills not unlike those used by the American farmer. These were turned by half-naked men and they thus kept pump-ing up drafts into the rooms beyond.

An Indian Stable.

I visited the Rajah's stables and took a look at his horses. There was a court for exercise which covered, I judge, something like ten acres, and around this was built an arcade of stalls roofed over with a thick, heavy roof to keep off the sun. There were about a half a mile of these statls, and each of them was occupied by a fine, blooded steed. There were horses from Arabia, from Europe, America and India, and the tying of each was different from anythine I have ever seen. There was a strap from their halters, which was fastened to rings just above their heads, and each of their four fort halters. feet had a separate rope, which was stretched out toward the four corners in front and behind them and tied at a distance of perhaps six feet away to a post. The ropes were loose enough to permit them to move their legs up and down, but they could not kick nor stand on their hind legs.

The Elephant House.

I next visited the elephant stables and took a look at the 12 great elephants which the rajah owns. They have great brass chains about their necks. Their tusks are cut off about half way up, and they are bound with heavy brass rings. One of them ago—before the railroad and the English desire tor business came in to grind them up in the mortar of modern civilization. One-third of the whole territory of India is possessed by such rajahs and their subjects in the railroad armies amount to 300,000 men and their grows results armies amount to 300,000 men and their grows results armies are about \$830. has a sort of a tattoo work on its great ears and forehead made in the patterns of a cashmere shawl, and they are altogether bigger than any elephants I saw in Siam or

out for exercise.

Here are thousands of bullocks with humps over their shoulders, the sacred cows of India doing duty as pack horses. Their backs are loaded with panniers and they are carrying along hay, stone and merchandise. Here is one ridden by a turbaned Mohammedan, whose long beard and long shoes turned up at the toes attract your eye as he goes by. Here are horses which prance along. They came from Arabia, and among them are some of the best steeds of the world. As you look at them and their riders you have no doubt of Jeypore being a rich city. What gorgeous At the invitation of the rajah's secretary I took a ride yesterday afternoon upon one of them. I wanted to visit the ruins of the old palace and city of Amber, which is located An elephant was sent from the palace to the foot of the hills in the morning, and when I arrived shortly after noon I found it waiting for me. It was the biggest of the rajah's elephants, the one which had great brass-bound tusks and the great brass-bound tusks and the cashmere shawl pattern ears, and forehead, and upon its head there sat a Hindoo elephant driver in a bright turban and gown. He held a prod-like steel hook in his hand and his bare, brown legs clasped the elephant's neck just back of the ears. He made the elephant kneel as our carriage drove up, and a second servant took a step-ladder from his side, and, leaning this against the beast, we mounted up the side of the kneeling elephant and took our seats on the cushioned saddle upon its top. Cautioning me to hold on, the driver then gave the elephant a thrust with his prod and the great beast climbed to his feet and started off in a swinging walk up the mountain. The motion was a swaying one, and we went along at a round pace, scated as high up in the air as though we were on the roof of a village house. The servants who trotted along on the road below seemed very far down and the motion at first was a half sea-sick one. After a half mile I got used to it, however, and began to enjoy the strange ride.

> The Jeypore Museum. This afternoon I visited the museum of Jeypore. This rajah has one of the finest museums in India, and the building con-



Jeppore Carpenter

seum at Boston, and of the Central Park museum of New York. The artists are still at work upon it and its fine exhibit is being improved daily. The different schools of the world are represented in the frescoes on the walls, and the rajah has already had more than 2,000,000 visitors since its estab-lishment 2,000,000 visitors and it exhauses more than 2,000,000 visitors since its estab-lishment a few years ago, and it exchanges with the great museums of Europe. I asked the curator why he did not exchange with America, and he replied that he had not thought of doing so. The collection here is, however, very fine as an exhibit of Indian work, and I think Prof. G. Brown Goode, the head of our national museum, might find some valuable things at Jeypore. The museum is especially wonderful as he-The museum is especially wonderful as being that of a native rajab, and when I think of this man's art schools, his public library, his good streets and his apparently well managed Government, I wonder whether some other States in India would not be as well off under native rulers as under the English. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

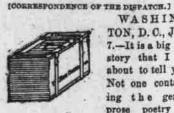
A new mat, which sets as a foot scraper, without retaining the dirt on its surface sected at right angles by other streets of the same width and the whole is cut by narrow streets into rectangular blocks. The roads are better macadamized than those of any city of the United States. They are as hard us stone and as smooth as a floor. The houses on the main streets are regularly built, and

A GREAT FISH YARN. Some Facts About the Work of the United States Fish Commission.

HATCHING SHAD BY THE MILLION.

the Hatchery. METHODS OF TRANSPORTING THE FRY

The Simple Yet Complete Arrangement of



his fascinating pietures of the art of killing fish, which are so seductive that they almost induce a person of the most tender heart to wish to engage taining the thrilling passages described in the fishy novels of Mr. William Black, nor the blood-curdling experiences of Senator. Quay, in his fishing for giant tarpon in in murder of that kind. Neither one con-Quay, in his fishing for giant tarpon in Florida waters, and yet more wonderful than all these, because it is a tale of the taking of millions of fish at a single catch, and the reproduction from them of incomprehensible millions more.

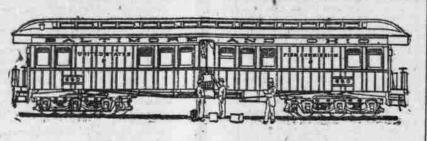
Back of the great station of the Pennsyl-

tion for the work of hatching and distribution is only \$15,000, and with this the operations for the current year will be little greater than for the year 1888. In that year the shad fry distributed reached the enormous number of 156,000,000. Of white fish there were distributed 105,000,000, of ood 25,000,000, of pollock 13,000,000, of West Coast salmon 11,000,000, and of other fish several millions more. Even with this distribution, which could be enlarged enormously with an increased appropriation, taken in connection with the work of State commissions, it will be recognized that the artificial propagation of fish in the United States must bring labor and food and relief to hundreds of thousands of the poorer population.

The operations of the national commis-WASHINGTON, D. C., June
7.—It is a big fish story that I am about to tell you.
Not one containing the genial prose poetry of Izaak Walton in his fascinating pic
1. The operations of the national commission will extend as fast as the appropriations of Congress will admit. Hatching stations are already scattered well over the country, and a new station, probably more extensive than any now in existence, is in process of construction at Put-in-Bay, in Lake Erie. It is expected that the immense drain upon the finny population of the great lakes will soon be counteracted, and those waters again filled with the delicious fish with which they abounded a few years ago. The more important work of the seaboard and of the large interior waters completely under way, greater attention will be given to the way, greater attention will be given to the smaller lakes and inland rivers until the vast scheme is so systematized that every available water of the country will be re-plenished faster than the number of fish is

AN ENTHUSIAST.

Commissioner McDonald is an enthusiast in the work. He imparts to it a vigor and system never attained before, and he is assisted by a corps of gentlemen who enter into the spirit of the great work with an in-



A REFRIGERATOR CAR

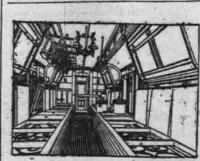
of the Fish Commission of the United States, Down on the Potomac, at old Fort Wash-ington, and at Havre de Grace, on the Susquehanna, are two branch stations, where the bulk of the shad eggs to be hatched are taken, and the number of these is almost incredible. Shad has been unusually numerous this year, and at times from 15,000,000 to 20,000,000 roe would be taken in a single night. These are cleaned at the branch stanight. These are cleaned at the branch sta-tion by putting them in jars and passing water slowly through them, and they are then spread thinly on crates, covered with a bit of cloth, the crates bound together and shipped to the central station to be hatched and thence distributed by the commission cars or vessels to the waters tributary to the

The shad are caught in all sorts of ways, by fishermen employed for the purpose. The roes are immediately squeezed from the females into jars, and into the same jars the milk is squeezed from the males, and, as when the pollen of the male flower is carried by the winds of heaven into the oper and mysterious work of recreation begins, so it is with the ova of my lady fish and the spermatic fluid of the male of her species; they touch, they find their complement, they thrill, they awaken, and a new fish is born, which in its turn will produce its own millions of eggs and lend its aid to people the waters of the globe, to tickle the palate of the gourmand and fill the belly of the For the work of the commission is a grand one in the interests of a cheap and



wholesome food, which will only be fully realized in all its beneficent magnitude when the operations have been extended to all the streams and lakes of the country, large and small, where fish may LIVE AND THRIVE.

From the crates in which the eggs are sent from the stations where they are caught, these little globules of immovable life are carefully scraped into the jars in which they are hatched. It is a jar invented by Commissioner McDonald himself before he was advanced to the chieftancy of the Commission. It is very simple, and yet perfect for the work it is to perform. By an arrangement of pipes not necessary to explain technically, fresh water is at all times passing through the jar and between the eggs, and through these pipes also, the dead eggs, which rise to the surface of the water, are carried away. The water is kept as near as possible to a temperature of 65 as near as possible to a temperature of oddegrees, and the fish hatch in from six to
eight days, according to the temperature of
the water. The proportion of loss is very
small, and is really nothing at
all compared with the loss which
occurs in the process of nature,
when vast numbers of the eggs are



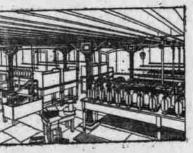
Interior of the Car

with the milk of the males at all, and other with the milk of the males at all, and other vast numbers are destroyed by hungry enemies, and by many other processes. From this it may be realized what an absolutely inconceivable work is being done and may be done by the commission, by the hatching every few days of millions of fish and their distribution in waters where they can to a great extent take care of themselves. THE COMMISSION'S WORK.

The work of the commission, as a stated by Commissioner McDonald, is only limited by the appropriation. With the present machinery the distribution could be many times multiplied, but the appropria-

vanis railroad, in a pretty spot in what is generally known as the "Mall," which includes all the grounds stretching out from the Capitol to the Washington Monument, is an old, square brick building, which is the ancient armory of the capital city. Long abandoned for all warlike purposes, it is now the CENTRAL HATCHING STATION

(dustry and attachment hardly to be found in any other bureau of the Government. The Commissioner is a profound and devoted scientist. Before entering into the work of the commission he was professor of the department of biology in the college at Lexington, Ky., and, when he engaged in his present field, it was only in the interest of science, and not with any idea of its



philanthropic possibilities. Indeed, the comwas merely a scientific bureau of the National Museum, and has only taken its pres-ent shape through the efforts of those en-gaged in the work who recognized the im-measurable good to the people of all classes that would result from an extensive propagation and distribution of fish by arti-ficial instead of natural methods. It is in reality a farming of the waters by the National Government, under true and con-scientious scientific direction, just as the new school of economists insist the land should be farmed, by intelligent direction of Government agents, for the benefit of the people, and not by ignoramuses in the in-terests of private profit. erests of private profit.

It is the desire of Commissioner McDon-

ald to accomplish the erection of a great central station in this city, which shall con-tain aquaria for the exhibition of fish of all kinds, and as an annex of the National Museum. At present the exhibit is very meager owing to lack of space. E. W. L.

THE FINDING OF THE LACCOON. Whether It Is the Original or a Copy May Never Be Determined.

From the Magazine of Art.

The Laocoon may be the original statue pepraised by Pliny, but even that is open to doubt. The history of the finding of this statue was in this wise: It happened in 1506, when Raphsel, a youth of three-and-twenty, was painting in Florence. In the month of June a messenger arrived in hot haste at the Vatican to tell Pope Julius II. that workmen excavating in a vineyard near St. Maria Maggiore had came upon statues. The Pope turned to one of his grooms and bid him run to his architect, Giuliano di Ban Gallo, to tell him to go there at once and see along the state of t go there at once and see about it. San Gallo instantly had his horse saddled, took his young son Francisco, who relates this, on the crupper behind him, and called for Michel Angelo, and away the three trotted through the hot and dusty streets, as we may imagine, in a great state of excitement.
When they reached the place they beheld that agonized face which we all know so well, and which many of us have tried to

copy so often.
"It is the Laccoon of Pliny!" exclaimed
San Gallo. Mad with excitement, they
urged on the workmen, a great hole was
cleared away, and they were able to contemnate that wondering group ostaling the plate that wonderful group, certainly the finest monument of antiquity which had as yet been revealed to the modern world. After this, as Francisco says, they went home to dinner. How they must have talked! We can imagine the poor wife crying despairingly to her lord; "Dear Ginliano, do leave off talking for moment, dinner is getting quite cold!" I should like to have been there; but that is idle. The statue was transferred to the Belve dere, and then arose the question, was it

Pliny's Laocoon or a copy?—a question not decided to this day. Pliny says that the statue was carved by Agesander, Polydorus and Athenodorus, of Rhodes, out of a single block of marble. The Laocoon is in five pleess, but very skilfully joined.

ANOTHER CURE FOR CORNS. Carbollo Acid and Glycerine Said to be a

Certain Remedy. One of the deadliest enemies of the chiro-

podist is a short and simple recipe which soon brings relief and immunity from the exasperating agony which is too sadly familiar. Take equal parts of carbolic soid and glycerine and paint the corn every night with a camel's hair brush, first bathing and carefully drying the feet. This treatment, if patiently continued, is a certain remedy. It also gives great relief from soreness by excessive walking if the mixture is applied to the soles of the feet.

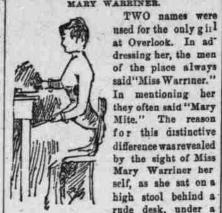
Had Struck Something Harder. New York Sun.2 "I suppose you find this to be a hard

hard world, do you not?" she said, as she gave the tramp a loaf of stale bread. . "Yes'm," answered the tramp, trying to make a dent in the loaf with his knife: "but we frequently strike things that are harden."

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH BY FRANKLIN FILE FROM A PLOT BY

WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER I. MARY WARRINER.



by the sight of Miss Mary Warriner her self, as she sat on a high stool behind a rude desk, under a roughly boarded shel. The Only Girl at Over- ter, and with rapid fingers clicked the key

of a telegraphic instrument. There was a perfect poise of quiet self-possession which would have been very impressive dignity in an older and bigger person, and which, although here limited by 18 years and 100 pounds, still made a demand for respectful treatment. Therefore the men when in her presence never felt like calling her anything else than "Miss Warriner." If she had been less like a stately damsel in miniature, and more like such a child as she was in size only; if her employment had been something not so near to science as that of telegraphy, and not so far off from juvenile simplicity; if her brown hair had een loosely curled, instead of closely coiled, and if her skirts had stopped at her ankles, instead of reaching to her feet, then she might have been nicknamed "Mary Mite" within her own hearing, as she was beyond it by those who described her small-ness in a sobriquet. There may have been a variance of opinion among those dwellers at Overlook who had made any estimate of her composure, but if there was one who believed that she merely assumed a reserve of manner, because she was among 200 men, he had not yet tried his chances of excep-

he had not yet tried his chances of exceptional acquaintance.

Overlook was crude and temporary. The inhabitants were making a roadled for a new railway, at a spot where the job was extraordinary, requiring an uncommonly large proportion of brain to brawn in the work. Those who were mental laborers in the remarkable feat of engineering, or were at least bosses of the physical toil, were the ones who had errands at the telegraphic shed, and for whom Mary sent and received messages over the wires. The isolated colony of workers was 100 miles deep in a wilderness of mountain and forest; but not as many seconds distant, measured by the time necessary for electrical communication, from the construction company's headtion, from the construction company's head-

gram went, and they seem in no hurry to reply."

Polite indifference, and nothing else, was

in her clear, gentle voice. There was neither boldness nor shyness in the eyes that opened wide and blue, as she litted them from the paper to the man whom she questioned. There was no more of a smile than of a pout on the mouth that worded the inquiry. She did not indicate the faintest interest as to whether he went or stayed, although she did

whether he went or stayed, although she did suggest that he might as well go.

"I'd rather lounge here, if you don't mind," was Gerald Heath's answer.

Here the alertness of the placid girl was faintly shown by a quick glance, but it was so furtive that the subject of her wariness did not know his face was being scrutinized; and she was quickly convinced that she was not the cause of his remaining for he said: not the cause of his remaining, for he said:
"I'll tell you why I'm anxious about the stelegram, and in a hurry to get it."
Gerald Heath had been lasily leaning against the makeshitt desk of the tele-

grapher, as he waited, and for pastime had whittled the smooth birch sapling that formed its outer edge. He had chipped and shaved, after the manner of those to whom a sharp pocket knife and a piece of wood provide a solace. There had been no conversation, except a few words concerning the messages. But now he heightened him-self-to six feet by standing erect, and took on the outlines of a magnificent physique. His proportions had not been realized be-fore by the girl at the other side of the counter. She comprehended, too, that if his somewhat unkempt condition were changed to one which included a face cleaned of stubble beard, a suit of modish clothes to replace the halfworn corduroys, and the shine of a silk hat and polished oots at his new dusty extremities, he would become a young gentleman whose disregard might be an appreciable slight. That was the conclusions which she reached without any visible sign that her careless eyes were conveying any sort of impression to her mind. As it was, he looked an unusuall burly specimen of the men to whom isola tion from city life had imparted an aspect of barbarians. Before he had uttered another word she realized that he was wholly en-grossed in the matter of his telegrams, and had no thought of the individuality of the listener. Not only was she not the thing that made him wait, but she might as well have been old, ugly, or a man, if only she

had ears to hear. It was a summer afternoon, and the clear, all was a summer atternoon, and the clear, balmy weather was seasonable. The removal of protective canvas had left the structure an open shed, over the front of which hung the boughs of the two trees against whose massive trunks it leaned. Gerald Heath reached up with both hands, and held the foliage aside.

"Do you get an unobstructed view?" he said. "Now, I've helped lay out railroads through many a place where it was a shame to let trains go faster than a mile a day. I've surveyed routes that ought to provide special trains for passengers with eyes in their heads—trains with speed graduated between 60 miles an hour and 60 hours a mile. It is an outrage on nature and art that travelers should ever be whisked past that travelers should ever be whisked past Overlook without a good chance to see what we're looking at. That's why I wrote to the President of the company, a month ago, telling him how a slight deviation from the surveyed line would enable passengers to get what's in our view now. He asked how much the line would be lengthened by my plan. A hundred yards, I answered. And I submitted a map, showing how the tracks, after coming out from the tunnel, might make a small detour to this very spot, instead of going behind a mass of rocks that will completely hide this — "and a comprehensive gesture of one arm followed his prehensive gesture of one arm followed his weep of vision.

Places that get their names on impuls

Places that get their names on impulse are apt to have appropriate ones. Camps of railway makers in a hitherto unbroken country are not often miscalled. Ah ensuing town on the same site may be unmeaningly named as a permanency, but the inspirations that afford transient nomenclature are usually descriptive. It was so in the case of Overlook. The railway tunneled the mountain, and emerged at a height of 1,000 feet above a wide valley. Mary had daily, and all day long, sat overlooking the prospect. It had astonished and entered to see the second to the prospect. It had astonished and entered to see the second to the prospect. It had astonished and entered to see the second to the prospect. It had astonished and entered to see the second to the prospect. It had astonished and entered to see the second to the prospect. It had astonished and entered to see the second to the prospect. It had astonished and entered to see the second to the prospect to the prospect of the prospect to the prospect to

chanted her at first, but familiarity had blunted the keenness of her appreciation. As shown to her anew, it was like a fresh disclosure. Gerald Heath stood holding aside the boughs, which otherwise obscured a part of the landscape, and seemed like an exhibitor of some wondrously big and beautiful picture. Miles away were hills rising behind one another, until they left only a little of sky to be framed by the eave of the shed, as seen by the telegrapher. The of the shed, as seen by the telegrapher. The diversities of a wilderness, distantly strong, inrugged forms, but indistinct in details, became gradually definite and particular as they came nearer and were suggestive of conthey came nearer and were suggestive of con-scious design where they edged a broken, tumultuous river. Overlook was shelved so high on a precipitous mountain that, from Mary's point of vision, the foreground al-most directly underneath passed out of her sight, and it was as though the spectator stood on a platform before a painted can-vas too spacious for exhibition in an ordinary manner. But in this work the shapes and the colors, the grandeur and the beauty, were inconceivably beyond human copying.

copying.

Gerald Heath appeared to feel, nowever that if he was not the painter of this enormous landscape, he at least had the proprietary interest of a discoverer, and it was with something of the air of an art collector, proudly extolling his choicest possession, that he turned his eyes from it to Mary Warriner. The expression of admir-ation on her face, although quiet and delicate, was quite satisfactory-for a moment only; and then the denotement of delight

Gerald began to again nonchalantly whittle the birchen pole. "I was going to tell how, when I at last broke through the rock at this end of the tunnel, I happened to be right there. A blast tore out an aperture several feet wide. We saw daylight through the smoke. We rushed pell-mell over the broken stone, and struggled with one another to get through first. It was—why, it was you, Ravelli, wasn't it?—whom I tunsied with. Yes, we got into the breach together. You tried to push me back. You couldn't—of course, you couldn't," and the narrator's reference to his own superior strength was exasperatingly accompanied by a glance not free from contempt.

"Eet was-a all een fun," Ravelli smilingly explained to Mary, and then his eyes turned darkly upon Gerald. "Eef eet hada been one ear-nest fight—" the different result was vaguely indicated by a hard elinch of fists and a vicious crunch of teeth.

It was beyond a doubt that Ravelli could

It was beyond a doubt that Ravelli could not bear to be belittled to Mary; but she and Gerald were alike inattentive to his exhibi-

tion of wrath.
"No prisoner was ever more exultant to escape," Heath went on, "than I was to get out of that dark, noisome hole into clean sunlight. I ran to this very spot, and— well, the landscape was on view, just as it is now. It was like getting from gloom out

into glory." The young man's exuberant words were not spoken with much enthusiasm, and yet they had sufficient earnestness to prove their sincerity. He had stopped whittling, and his kni e lay on the desk, as he turned his back against the sapling, and rested both

elbows on it." "So I've been writing to the President of the company, urging him to deflect a trifle, so that passengers might come out of the tunnel to see a landscape worth a thousand

tunnel to see a landscape worth a thousand miles of special travel, and to be had by going less than as many feet. This is the very latest day for changing the survey. To-morrow will be too late. That is why I'm telegraphing so urgently."

Click, click, click. Mary went to the telegraph instrument. She delivered the message by word of mouth, instead of taking it down in the usual manner with a pen.

"Gerald Heath, Overlook:" she translated from the metallic language of the lated from the metallic language of the instrument. "Your idea is foolish. We



REVEALED BY AN ELECTRIC SHOCK.

quarters in a great city.

"Must you wait for an answer?" Mary said, as she clicked the last word of a message. "It's an hour since your first teleby some physical pang. It was the sudden-ness of the change, for it was of itself very slight, that made it perceptible. Gerald in-stinctively turned to look for the cause.

Into the picture had come a human figure A few yards in front of the hut stood a man. In relation to the landscape far beman. In relation to the landscape far beyond he was gigantic, and the shade of the
trees made him devilishly black by contrast with the sunlight of heaven that
illuminated the rest. He was thus for an
instant in silhouette, and it chanced that
his sharp outlines included a facial profile, with the points of a mustache and
beard, giving satanic suggestion to an accidental attitude of malicious intrusion.
The illusion was almost startling, but it was
momentary, and then the form became the
commonplace one of Tonio Raveili, who

commonplace one of Tonio Raveili, who walked under the shelter.

"Do-a I centrude?" he asked, with an Italian accent and an Italian bearing. "I supposa no-ch? Thece ces a placa beesness."

Mary's small departure from a business like perfunctory manner ended at once. She took a scrap of paper which Ravelli laid on her desk, and, without a word, translated its writing into telegraphic clicks. Ravelli was a sub-contractor, and this was one of his frequent communications

with officials at the company's city office.
The response was likely to be immediate, and he waited for it.
"To get the full value of this view,"
Gerald Heath resumed, and now he addressed himself to Mary directly, as though with almost a purpose of ignoring Ravell to whose greeting he had barely responded "you need to come upon it suddenly—as I once did. We had been for months blasting and digging through the mountain. Every day's duty in that hole was like a spell of imprisonment in a dark, damp dungeon. And your men, Ravelli, looked like a chain-

gang of convicts."

"You would no dare say so mooch to theira fa-ces," Ravelli retorted, with an insolence that was unmistakably intentional. "Oh. I didn't mean a reflection on them. said Gerald, disregarding the other's quar-relsome aggressiveness. "We all look rasrelsome aggressiveness. "We all look ras-cally in the mud, drip and grime of tunnel work. And your gang of swarthy Italians are bound to have a demoniac aspect under-

ground."

It was more carelessly than intentional that Gerald thus provoked Ravelli. There



Gerald Disarms Ravelli

had been dislike between them, growing out of friction between their respective duties as a civil engineer and a sub-contractor, for the comed his latter's work. But they had never quarreled, and Gerald saw nothing in this occaion, as Ravelli seemed to, for any outbreak of temper.

Gerald looked like a man receiving a

jury's verdict involving great pecuniary loss, if not one of personal condemnation, as he listened to the telegram. "Zat ees whata I theenk," remarked Rawelli, with insolent elation; "you ar-r-o one-a fool, as ze President he say."

one-a fool, as ze President he say."

Gerald was already angered by the dispatch. The taunting epithet was timed to excite him to fury, which he impulsively spent upon the more immediate provoker. He seized Ravelli by the throat, but without choking him, and almost instantly let him go, as though ashamed of having as-sailed a man of not much more than half



Arrested for Murder.

his own strength, and nearly twice his age. With Italian quickness, Ravelli grabbed Gerald's knife from the desk, against which he was flung. He would have used it, too, if self-defense had been necessary, but he saw that he was not to be further molested. and so he concealed the weapon under his arm, while Gerald strode away, unaware of

his escape from a stab.

"He is a one beeg bully," said Ravelli, with forced composure. "Eef a lady had-a not been have." not been here——"
"You tormented him," the girl interrupted; "I once saw the best natured mas-

"He is-a what to you, gat you take-a hees She bit her lips in resentment, but made

no reply.

"Parehaps he is one-a lover oof you?"

Still she would not reply to his impertinence. That angered him more than the severest rejoinder would have done.

severest rejoinder would have done.

"O, I am sure-a mit he ees one suitor."

She gave way at length to his provocation, and yet without any violent words, for she simply said; "You are insulting, while he is at least reasonably polite—when he heeds me at all, which isn't often."

"Not-a often? But somewhat closely he heed-a you. See mit."

With an open palm he struck the place on the sapling where Gerald had whittled. The spot was on the outer edge, where Mary

on the sapling where Gerald had whittled. The spot was on the outer edge, where Mary could not see it from her seat. She went around to the front of the primitively constructed desk, or higher counter, to gratify her curiosity. There she saw that Gerald had carved a hand—her own hand, as she instantly perceived. The small and shapely member was reproduced in the fresh pale wood with rare fidelity. She had unconsciously posed it, while working the key of the telegraphic instrument under the jack-knife sculptor's eyes, and there had been ample time for him to whittle a fac simile in the birch.